Omegaverse Prompt Fills

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/8532364.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Charlie Countryman (2013), Adam (2009), Blood and Chocolate (2007), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Nigel (Charlie Countryman)/Adam Raki, Aiden (Blood and Chocolate)/Nigel (Charlie Countryman)
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Adam Raki, Aiden (Blood and Chocolate)
Additional Tags:	Rating May Change, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Omega Verse, Alpha/Omega, Scenting, Purring, Hot Chocolate, Fluff, Alpha Will, Omega Hannibal, Light Angst, Worry, Comfort, Sharing Clothes, Love Confessions, Wendigo, Wendigo Hannibal, Omega Will, Human Sacrifice, Blow Jobs, Anal Fingering, mentions of cannibalism, mentions of mpreg, trying to get pregnant, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Heat Sex, Power Bottom Hannibal, Daddy Kink, (kind of. EEP! I don't really do daddy kink), Knotting, Alpha Nigel, Alpha Adam, Alpha/Alpha, Rut, alpha knotting alpha, Nigel helps Adam out, because he's a good neighbour!, pre-heat, Caretaking, Cuddles, Cuddling & Snuggling, Alternate Universe - Werewolf, Drag Queens, RuPaul's Drag Race References, omega werewolf drag queen is what I'm getting at, Swimming Pools, Alternate Universe - Fashion & Models, Hannibal Extended Universe, Podfic Welcome, do not copy to another site
Language:	English
Series:	Part 20 of ABO/Omegaverse Fics by TigerPrawn, Part 66 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics, Part 20 of Tiger's S4 Hannigram fics, Part 27 of Tiger's Hannigram AU fics
Collections:	#SummertimeSlick
Stats:	Published: 2016-11-12 Completed: 2017-07-16 Words: 10,873 Chapters: 10/10

Omegaverse Prompt Fills

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Prompt fills for Hannigram/AU and Rarepairs that are specifically omegaverse.

1. Tumblr prompt: Omega Hannibal soft, warm, fluff.
2. AO3 prompt: Omega Hannibal wearing flannel
3. Tumblr prompt: Wendigo Hannibal x Omega Will + Stone Altar
4. Tumblr prompt: ABO omega Hanni during his heat + "daddy kink"
5. Tumblr prompt: alpha/alpha Spacedogs
6. Tumblr prompt: Aiden/Nigel fluff and cuddling
7. For SummertimeSlick: Omega werewolf drag queen Will x alpha werewolf Hannibal - Knot Today Satan
8. For SummertimeSlick: Omega model Will is going into heat during a photoshoot - Wet
9. For SummertimeSlick: Model AU continued - Sand
10. For SummertimeSlick: Model AU concluded - Teacup

Omega Hannibal soft, warm, fluff

Chapter Summary

> Prompt: Omega!Hannibal! Something soft and cuddly and gentle and sweet. Maybe some scenting and purring. Maybe in front of the fireplace when it's snowing outside. We all need ALL the fluff. Maybe he came inside and is still cold and now Will is warming him up. Doesn't have to be sex. Doesn't have to be ABO either. Just. Soft. Warm.

“Hannibal? What the hell-” Will’s worry turned swiftly to anger on seeing the omega was safe - albeit covered in a thick layer of snow and loaded with groceries. “I said I would go shopping in the car tomorrow, I’ve been looking for you for an hour - I thought you were walking the dog!” As the words spilled out they softened. He could never really stay mad at the infuriating man.

“I’m sorry Will. I saw a break in the weather and so walked into town, I may have misjudged the speed of the cold front. I didn’t mean to worry you.” Hannibal took off his thick gloves and coat, shaking out the snow before hanging them.

Will should be angry but the real reason for Hannibal’s excursion was clear, and it should irritate him, but instead - as always - he found it endearing. “So… did you get all your fancy items from the snooty shop that we can’t possibly have managed without and that you would never have trusted me to pick up?”

“You may joke Will, but this snow is going to strand us here for at least a week and you might be happy with eating beans from a tin like a savage, but I prefer to keep a certain standard where possible.”

Will let out a chuckle and pulled Hannibal to him. “How on earth do you put up with a savage like me?” He pressed his face into Hannibal’s neck and took in the scent there, rich and earthy - his. Hannibal mirrored the action and the moment his nose touched Will’s skin the alpha jumped back at the shock of it.

“Your nose is freezing!” He grabbed Hannibal’s hands and found they were cold too, despite the gloves he’d had on. “The ultimate irony of course would be you catching a cold and having nothing but chicken soup and medicine for the next week whilst your fancy groceries spoil.”

“Tempting fate at my expense Mr Graham?” Hannibal pulled their bodies back together and pushed his cold nose against Will’s skin again, holding him tight so he couldn’t escape it.

“I see, the cold will be my fault, of course.” Will nodded with a chuckle. “Go get out of those clothes and into something warm, I’ll make you a hot chocolate.”

*

When Hannibal came back down, Will was amused to see he’d forgone his usual silk pajamas and was instead wearing a pair of the flannel pajamas that Will sometimes wore in the winter. They were just a shade too small and hugged the omega in a rather delightful way. So much so that Will couldn’t hide a grin.

“Chilly?” He teased.

“Not anymore.” Hannibal practically purred and it sent a shiver through Will.

He chuckled and picked up the two mugs of hot chocolate and lead the way into the living room.

“Oh!” Hannibal was clearly surprised that in the time it had taken him to change, Will had stoked the fire and pulled all the spare cushions and throws from the hall closet and made what was essentially a nest in front of the log burner.

He set the mugs down on the coffee table and smiled at Hannibal. “I’m still able to surprise you then?”

“Will, I made the realisation long ago that I would never be able to entirely predict you.” The smile was returned with warmth and a glint in Hannibal’s eye as the omega made himself comfortable in front of the fire, letting out a contented sigh as he looked to the open curtains and the heavy snowfall in the fading light.

“Come to think of it, I am still feeling a little on the chilly side…” Hannibal held out a hand to Will. “Keep me warm?”

He used that tone that all omegas knew their alpha’s would never be able to deny, the one that said - I need you to protect and provide for me. It got him every time and Hannibal knew it as well as they both knew Hannibal never needed anyone to protect or provide. Will sat on a cushion, leaning back slight against a pile more and Hannibal leaned into him. His nose was still a little cold when he pushed it to Will’s neck again, purring at the scent he found there and making Will’s chest swell.

An automatic and reciprocating rumble in Will’s chest pulled a contented sigh from Hannibal, who shifted so that his lips were against Will’s neck then, lacing gentle kisses there, before moving along his jaw. Will leaned in and claimed the omega’s mouth, kissing him slow and deep as he pulled him closer.

It was a few minutes before they drew back. Will chuckled at the flush of desire that was creeping up Hannibal’s neck. “You seem nicely warmed up now. My work here is done.”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow. “My nose is still pretty cold.”

“Is it now?” Will grinned, pressing his own nose along Hannibal’s, to his cheek and then down to the scent gland at the omega’s neck, ghosting his lips over the flesh there until he felt Hannibal shudder. Hannibal who always liked control and of course had to go and get the shopping he would never have trusted Will to get, that they absolutely had to have. Will tried to hide his grin as he sat back - “Nope, seem all warmed up to me.”

He grabbed up his mug of hot chocolate and sat back with an overly exaggerated sigh of contentment.

Hannibal practical pursed his lips at him and scowled.

“I can assure you, I am still very chilly.”

Will knew that Hannibal had aimed for seductive but landed somewhere nearer indignant. The struggle to hide his grin increased. “The warm fire, the cosy nest, snuggles with your husband - I’d say you’re perfectly fine now.”

“A devil may care attitude considering I may yet take to my sick bed, and you will have to care for me, though more likely you’ll revert to your savage ways and I will languish.”

Will nodded along in mock agreement with Hannibal’s overly dramatic sentiments. “Even so, I think it’s a risk I’m willing to take.”

“I’m cold Will.”

“No, you’re fine.”

“I could have pneumonia.”

“You’re the doctor, of course, but I would like a second opinion.”

Another frown from Hannibal. Will smiled and sighed. He leaned forward his lips almost meeting Hannibal’s as their noses pressed alongside each other’s again. He hovered for a moment and pulled back once more.

“Nope. Your nose is lovely and toasty now, my work is done.”

A mischievous chuckle escaped Will as he sat back and Hannibal scowled. The omega let out an annoyed huff and grabbed the mug of chocolate from Will’s hands, holding it up to his lips and then setting it to one side only once a large blob of cream sat on his nose.

“It is most definitely cold.” Hannibal’s frustration was clear.

“So it is.” Will agreed with a grin, moving in and devouring the cream from Hannibal’s nose before kissing him deeply and pulling him down in front of the now roaring fire - amused by the thought that Hannibal would consider himself the winner of this little game.

The First Time Hannibal Wore Flannel

Chapter Summary

> Prompt: YESSSSSSSS. Kind of like the part when hanni just put away his silks and just wear flannels of will's temporary. Hey, can you write about this though? Hanni wearing flannel for a while. I don't mind if its wearing someone else's, just having him wearing differently will do. Please? Oh if you wanna include omega!hanni,you can if you wanna.

Chapter Notes

> This is the same AU as chapter 1, but sometime before - so between the fall and them being a properly established couple. This is the first time Will found Hannibal wearing his flannels

Will returned to the house to find it dark and cold. His heart immediately thumped an irregular beat and he felt a rise of panic in his hindbrain. Technically Hannibal wasn't *his* omega, but all these months since the fall, he might as well be. Their dependency on each other whilst they recovered from their injuries had become almost equivocal to a bond. His need to protect, provide and comfort Hannibal grew every day, despite the fact that the omega grew healthier every day - was gradually needing Will less and less. Physically Hannibal was almost completely healed, though his recovery had been slower than Will's - he was slightly more worse for wear from the fall and Will's alpha constitution served him well. Even so, the knowledge that Hannibal was almost fully recovered did nothing to stave off the feeling of urgency as he stalked to the omega's bedroom. It was empty, cold.

"Hannibal!" Will only kept the panic from his tone because anger had seeped in instead. He wasn't even sure what he was angry at - the situation perhaps. This feeling. This need that he was unable to currently fulfill. The emotions he had kept in check so long, not wanting to force Hannibal into anything.

"I'm here." Hannibal's voice was muffled but Will knew it was coming from his own bedroom. Even as his heart missed a beat his feet took him at a fast pace to the end of the corridor. He opened the door with a shaky hand and peered in before allowing himself to enter.

Will's bedroom, was the smaller of the two and kept the heat better as a result, especially with the little space heater running in the corner. The room was dimly lit by the heater and a small side lamp and there was an odour of burning dust and omega - Hannibal's light, almost sweet, natural musk. Will hesitated at the door to collect his thoughts. *Not mine* he reminded

himself. Hannibal was curled up on the bed, watching the heater flicker, wrapped in blankets - warm. Soft. So inviting.

“I… I just got back from town in time, looks like a storm coming in.” Will stuttered over the words a little. Hannibal had always had the upper hand because he knew how to play Will. Will was a loner, a misfit to most, not someone people befriended easily - not that he’d ever welcomed friendship from most. He had never realised it to be a weakness until he met the omega that managed to push and prod him. Will was intimidated by the power Hannibal had over him, the power all omegas had over alphas - not that they cared to admit it. He cleared his throat - “are you feeling okay?”

“I was just a little cold, this is the warmest room. I hope you don’t mind.” The words sounded sincere, apologetic. They always did now. The fall, the recovery, it had changed them both. Hannibal had promised no more lies, no more manipulations, and even whilst Will doubted it, he knew Hannibal had kept to that so far. Even so he had to wonder, always, at the back of his mind if this was some new game or trick.

“You could have put the heater in your room, or we can swap rooms. I’ve told you before, I don’t mind.” Will kept his tone level and his distance measured. He hadn’t been this close to the omega since he’d no longer needed help with his dressings. An awkward physical truce they fallen into. He’d reflected more than once that at least Hannibal’s heat years were behind him so there was no risk of that temptation with them in such close quarters.

“No, I can… If I’m bothering you, I can-”

“No, no. It’s fine. I’ll just grab a change of clothes and take your room.”

Will went to the dresser, trying to ignore Hannibal’s scent as he passed. Living so close together it seemed permeate everything, except his room - until now. The thought of spending the night in the omega’s room surrounded by it sent a shudder through him. He considered sleeping in the barn as an option, but knew the storm would make that impossible, he’d likely freeze.

He grabbed some sweats and a fresh t-shirt and closed the drawer, frowning a little as he pulled them out. A few items seemed misplaced - not where he would usually have stowed them.

“Hannibal, have you been going through my clothes?” Will knew it wasn’t a big deal really, but on some level it felt a little like a violation. He needed to be able to trust the omega if this - whatever this was - was going to work.

“I… Will… I’m…” Hannibal sounded almost panicked and certainly upset. “I fell asleep, I had hoped to be in my own room when you returned. I hoped you wouldn’t notice, I can only apologise.” He was moving on the bed, trying to unwrap himself from the thick blankets. He seemed almost nervous and Will wasn’t sure he’d ever seen the omega so vulnerable, not even when he was injured.

“Hannibal, what’s going on?” He was worried but knew it wasn’t reflected in his tone, which had instead come out as that of a commanding alpha.

“I was cold. You were longer than you… I missed you.”

Will hesitated for a moment. He knew Hannibal had feelings for him, but this was the first time he had been so direct as to mention anything remotely emotional between them in such a way. He pushed it aside for the moment, he needed to know what was going on and not let emotions cloud him.

“Why were you going through my things?” He managed to soften the words this time at least.

Hannibal let out a heavy sigh, and even in the dim light, Will was sure his cheeks had reddened slightly. The omega shifted until the blankets crumbled down and revealed Hannibal wearing one of his flannel shirts.

“I, oh…” Will had no idea what to say. What did it mean when an omega started wearing your clothes?

Hannibal cleared his throat and straightened up, his tone cool and collected - his usual self - when he finally responded. “I have become a little… dependent on your company. I was lonely and so I came in here. I found myself drawn to your clothes because of the scent. Merely a physiological effect, please don’t be concerned.”

Will immediately felt a stab of hurt that Hannibal was trying to dismiss this as he had many times since the fall - merely an alpha/omega thing. Merely their close quarters. But only then, in that moment, with Hannibal wearing his clothes and sleeping in his bed did he see all these dismissals for what they really were - he wasn’t keeping Will at arm’s length, he was sparing the alpha from having to reject him. He thought that Will would reject him.

“Hannibal… Bedelia she… she confirmed that you’re in love with me. At least you were. Back then, before... So I’ve respected that you’ve kept your distance, perhaps your feelings have changed after everything. But I guess I need you to know that mine haven’t.”

Hannibal lowered his head, eyes to his hands gathered in his lap. Will could practically taste the hurt it was so palpable. He moved quickly to Hannibal’s side, sitting on the bed and taking hold of the omega’s hands. They both drew a breath at the touch - it felt so intimate after their clinical handling of each other.

“Hannibal… I feel the same toward you as I did then. It just… It took me a while to process what I already knew in my heart. I love you, I loved you then and I do now and not just because it sometimes feels like we’re the last alpha and omega at the end of the world and have been thrown together. Not just because you smell so good I want to bury my face in your neck every time we’re in the same room. It’s because of who you are, it’s because of what I see - who I see - when I look at you.”

There was silence then that stretched for minutes that might well have been weeks. Might well have been all those weeks they had wasted since they had crawled from the sea.

It was almost startling when Hannibal finally spoke again.

“Your clothes are soft and the scent comforts me.”

Will found himself grinning at the terse tone. Just like Hannibal - my compassion for you is inconvenient - Lecter. He would fight to the bitter end not to be perceived as a stereotypical omega, weakened by his needs or emotions.

Will pulled his hands from Hannibal's and ran them first over the arms of the soft shirt, and then up to take hold of the collar. He would happily give all his shirts to Hannibal if the man found some strange comfort in them. *Provide.*

"So… I guess this means we're going steady?" Will's grin grew wider as Hannibal's eyes narrowed as though trying to work out if he was being made fun of. Will laughed and leaned in to kiss him, heart swelling as he felt Hannibal tremble.

Mine

Wendigo Hannibal x Omega Will + Stone Altar

Chapter Summary

> Prompt: Wendigo Hanni and human omega Will left as an offering for Hannibal to eat but Hannibal isn't hungry, at least food wise ;) bonus points for elaborate stone altars

Will knew they would come for him sooner or later, he'd dreamt it over and over. Even had he not, he wasn't the last omega of age in the village, but he was the only male - he knew they had been saving him for a bad year. And this year had been bad, the crops had failed completely. Without the sacrifice the following year would make or break the future of the villagers.

His dad tried to bar the door, but Will placed a gentle hand on his arm. "It's ok dad. We knew this would happen some day, I'm ready." And he was. He was going to go to a dignified end like most of the girls had. He wasn't going to try and fight it and have hysterics over an unchangeable fate as Freddie had three years ago. Her screams had made it so much harder for the village. They did this to keep the village alive, it was selfish for anyone to put themselves above the whole village in that way.

His dad cried but nodded and followed along to say goodbye. Once they got to the hill he embraced his father and wished him well. "I'm doing this for all of you. Please stay safe." He squeezed his dad tight before releasing him, turning away and allowing the two priests to lead him up the hill. Near the top he was stopped at the small hut where he was allowed to change from his clothes into the loose ceremonial robe worn by the sacrificial omegas - it had been woven by the villagers with scenes of good crops and sunshine. The hoped outcome of this annual bargain.

They gave him sorrowful and sympathetic looks as he climbed onto the altar and lay back on the cold stone so that the ropes could be tied to his wrists and ankles. A tradition really, perhaps in the past the omegas who were to be sacrificed had struggled. He wasn't going anywhere. He'd accepted this fate long ago.

He could see the torches burning at the bottom of the hill, but one by one they left. He was sure the one that stayed longest was his father. But eventually they were all gone and sky was pitch black. There was silence, not even the noise of nocturnal animals. Only his own soft breathing in the darkness. He found he was near to nodding off when a sensation woke him. He sensed someone standing close to him, and then the pull of air at his throat as he was scented. It sent a shiver through him and he turned in order to see who or what was there. There was something, but he was unable to see clearly, coal black flesh against the dark sky. Then burning red eyes fluttered open close to his face and Will gasped a breath and drew back as far as his bindings would allow.

“Hmm, they haven’t sent me a male for a long time…” The creature straightened and placed his hand on Will’s shoulder, dragging it down his body to his ankle as he walked the length of the altar.

“Please great wendigo… please, uh…” Will tried to remember the words, the dedication he was meant to offer himself up with, but the hand tickling lightly at his ankle was sending an intense pull through his nerves. “... take my flesh and bless the village with your bounty.”

A dark chuckle rumbled through the air and the hand snaked slowly up to his calf under the robe. Will’s breath hitched, the touch was soft and tender, which should have made it all the more terrifying.

“I try to tell them every year… dear boy, I have lived here in this realm for longer than the village has had stone houses. Once I had a name, I was Hannibal. I was a count with wealth and power, before I grew into this form. But never have I had the ability to bring the rains or raise the crops. Nor would I want it. But as they keep giving me such tender and willing flesh for my table, who am I to refute your backward ideas.” Another deep chuckle.

Will frowned. “So you mean to eat me, even so.”

“Even so. Yes.” The wendigo replied.

The hand was at Will’s knee now and he squeezed his eyes shut and shuddered.

“You are quite tender. I believe I would like to taste you.” The wendigo shifted then but in the dark Will wasn’t quite sure where it was until he felt a wet, warm mouth on the robe, over his crotch. He let out a small cry and jerked his hips, unsure whether he was trying to press forward or pull away. Long fingers pushed his hips down as the wendigo pressed his face into the folds of fabric, dislodging them until they fell away and he was able to taste flesh.

Will knew he should be scared. He may have accepted his fate, but in truth, when he had been tied to the altar he had been terrified. He had been terrified right up until the moment the wendigo had spoken in a soft, charming voice.

Air left his lungs as the wendigo took Will’s cock into the back of his throat, he felt as if he would melt into the cold stone. “What sorcery is this then?” he panted, knowing he could not really feel this way. So warm, relaxed. Safe. The wendigo pulled back and cold air hit Will’s oversensitive cock, sending a jolt through him.

“I told you, I have no magic. I merely am.” The words were soft as the wendigo ran fingers lightly over Will’s thigh. Will instinctively tried to spread his legs, but was held tight by his bonds. The wendigo murmured an amused and approving hum. “I enjoy the way you taste, perhaps I can have more?”

Will felt the hand inside his thigh running slowly upwards, towards a place that for the first time now ached to be touched.

“Yes…” Will breathed out the word, groaning as the wendigo’s fingers found him slick, and slid slow and deep within him. Will flinched against his bonds and winced as rope bit into his

skin.

“Relax, darling boy.” The words were as gentle and tender as the fingers that moved within him and caused a spark of pleasure through his entire body. Will had no breath left, his lungs burned as the fingers withdrew and he heard more than saw the wendigo place them in his mouth. “You have a delightful flavour, it would be a shame to waste it on one good meal if I could taste it indefinitely instead.”

The wendigo’s fingers played over Will’s thigh again and then a long finger trailed up his hard length.

“Aren’t you going to eat me then?” Will asked, knowing he should be fearful of the answer.

“In a manner of speaking perhaps.” A light and amused tone there. “Every year I am sent omegas to appease magic I do not possess. Nonetheless I am not so rude as to refuse a gift, and so I make a feast of them as is intended. You are unlike those others, you ignite something within me that has been long cold. I find myself willing to strike a bargain with you…”

The wendigo’s hands were gone from him then and Will felt the loss keenly. A moment later they were tugging at the ropes, testing the bonds that held him.

“What is your name omega?”

“Will… Will Graham.” His breath kept catching every time a new rope was tested and then the wendigo was gone again. There was silence for several long minutes. Will tried to steady his breathing, the chill air playing across his exposed lower half made him ache for another gentle touch.

“Will…” The wendigo breathed out his name as though he were tasting it on his tongue. “Come with me to my home, I will take care of you in every way you require. One year from this day you may choose to be consumed in place of the next omega to be tied here as you should be tonight. Or you may choose to consume the next omega alongside me.”

Will’s breath hitched. “You can’t ask that, I…”

“I ask you to spend a year with me, nothing more. The choice at the end is yours to make, unless of course in that time you believe you can change me?” There was a smile in those words but they felt like an invitation even so, perhaps even a challenge.

“One year.” Will agreed. “But I have my own condition.”

“Name it.” The wendigo seemed breathless, elated.

“If I stay, after the year, will you…” he hesitated. He shouldn’t want this, he had never wanted this before with any alpha of the village. But he had always known this would be his fate, had seen it in dreams. “Will you bond with me? Mate me, Hannibal?”

A soft chuckle then as he felt the first rope holding him come loose. “I don’t think you’d be able to stop me.”

omega Hanni during his heat + "daddy kink"

Chapter Summary

From the tumblr prompt: ABO omega Hanni during his heat + "daddy kink"

“Will…” Hannibal’s voice on the phone was strained and Will’s heart immediately started to thud. This heat had come on quick!

“I’ll be home in twenty minutes!” Will’s mouth was dry and his cock was already hard. He didn’t even bother picking up his case notes or bag as he rushed out of his office.

*

Will knew that perhaps they were both a little more eager than usual. Their doctor had given Hannibal the fertility shot this month. His age was a factor in their getting pregnant but with the injection they stood a higher chance.

Mate. Breed. The words floated around his brain as he stalked through the house, following Hannibal’s scent, and stripping off his clothes.

When he entered the study in nothing but his boxers, Hannibal, already naked and slick, was waiting. He jumped on Will and pulled him down to the ground. “Breed me alpha.” The look in his eyes was fierce. They had discussed having kids so many times, but the reality of the omega’s need was powerful.

Hannibal destroyed Will’s boxers as he ripped them off. And then he was pushed back into the soft rug, Hannibal straddling him.

“Breed me.” It was a command and it sent a shiver through Will. He couldn’t deny that he loved the way Hannibal was, he’d never known an omega as forceful as him before. The thought was buzzing through his brain as Hannibal sank down onto his cock and was immediately riding him hard.

Will grabbed Hannibal’s hips and let his head fall back. “Ah, fuck! You’re gonna… I’m… I’m gonna fill you up. You’re gonna be so round and beautiful and ah… ngg…” Will was already close and his knot was swelling fast. He started to meet Hannibal’s thrusts, ramming his knot against and then past that tight ring of muscle. Tied tight, they moved together until Will was cumming.

And then Hannibal came, crying out - “fuck me daddy!” - as ropes of cum coated Will’s stomach and chest and Will came again when Hannibal tightened around him.

“What?”

“What?”

Will felt heat rise in his face as they panted at each other. He and Hannibal had explored kinks before but this was not one of them…

“I’m sorry Will, I don’t know what came over me…”

Will chuckled. "Well you are welcome to call me Daddy, as long as I can you call you papa."

Hannibal joined the laugh, causing his muscles to tighten and pull another orgasm from Will. If they kept going like this, Hannibal would definitely be pregnant before his heat was over.

Alpha/Alpha Spacedogs

Chapter Summary

> Prompt: You know what there isn't any of on AO3? Alpha Nigel/Alpha Adam. Nigel who thinks his soft-spoken, awkward Omega neighbor is in heat without and Alpha; he goes to put some water and snacks outside his door (he knows how much his rut sucks) only to be greeted by a very desperate, lonely Alpha. He decides to help out, anyway (as mentioned, he knows how awful a rut spent alone is, and he can't stand to see Adam in distress). Turns out that Nigel really, *really* likes being a bottom...

When Nigel first met his new neighbour it was instantly clear he was not a beta, despite the scent. There was something slightly off and artificial about it that Nigel recognised from his days dealing various prohibited ‘hygiene’ products. But really, Nigel couldn’t blame the guy. It was hard being an omega in some professions - especially a pretty little one like that. Best people think he was an beta and hopefully leave him alone.

They passed in the hallway a few times, but only really talked and exchanged names when they ran into each other in the laundry one day. From there they went to saying hi in passing, sometimes chatting for a minute - polite conversation during which Nigel usually reflected on how fucking beautiful he was up close. His name was Adam and he was sweet and shy and seemed to be crazy smart. Nigel liked the days when he came home to find the little guy sitting outside on the step, people watching or scrolling through satellite images on his laptop - happy to explain them to Nigel. As weeks passed Nigel found himself a little smitten.

He’d had plenty of crushes and almost never acted on them, it was just nice to admire pretty things from afar - they weren’t for fooling around with or for one night stands and he didn’t consider himself much good for anything else. But being in such close proximity to Adam his mind cooking up different ways in which he might be able to find favour with the omega without having to just upfront tell the guy he knew he wasn’t a beta. The more his brain rolled the idea around the more he considered ways in which he really might ask for a date. Maybe Adam was just the kind of lover he needed - someone who would make him a better person.

When he heard the whining from Adam’s apartment Nigel thought maybe the opportunity had arisen - if Adam was in heat then he could use that as an in without embarrassing the guy. The idea of going to the omega and offering himself in his time of need had him slightly hard. But… he liked Adam. There was something about him. He was unique, and somewhat of a challenge. He didn’t want to run the risk of Adam considering him nothing more than a fuck toy. He didn’t want to just help the omega through his heat - he wanted to get to know him better, become friends and maybe more. So as hard as it was to resist, Nigel decided not to offer himself as a relief from the omega’s heat. But, he knew how much it sucked when he was in rut alone and thought the least he could do was try and make things a little better - be

considerate. Something that, when the omega was over his heat, he might come up and say thanks for and maybe Nigel could ask him out on a date. A lot of what-ifs and maybes but he had to start somewhere.

He went to the store and bought a gift basket. One of those ones specifically for omegas in heat - comfort food, high energy snacks, bottled water, some hygiene products, even a small tube of lube in case slick production became an issue. Seriously, these baskets were made by omegas who had thought of everything.

Nigel hesitated as he neared Adam's door. Would he think it was too forward? It could easily be seen as a courting gift. Perhaps he should just leave the snacks and water, that might seem less of a gesture. He was still mulling over what would be most appropriate when he got to the door. The scent hit him then and he stopped dead, dropping the basket onto the welcome mat. The scent of an omega in heat he had been prepared for. The clear, sharp, tang of an alpha in rut was as unexpected as the immediate prickle of sweat at the back of his neck.

He wasn't sure how to process this information. Adam was attractive, the conversations they'd had were enjoyable. He had wanted to know him better… and wasn't sure any of that had changed. Maybe he should just go back to his apartment and work out how to deal with this once Adam's rut was over. He might even jerk off for a bit because, damn, if his cock wasn't starting to ache all of a sudden.

He was about to turn away when the door suddenly wrenched open. Adam was naked except a towel he wasn't wearing but held in front of him, he was shaking slightly and looked at Nigel with glazed eyes. Adam looked frantic, didn't seem himself, was clearly distressed and… smelt so fucking good.

"Nigel?" He looked from Nigel to the spilled basket on the floor and back again before holding out a shaky hand. "Please…"

Nigel couldn't bare to see Adam in distress.

*

Nigel didn't consider himself a generous or selfless person where strangers were concerned. His lovers he would wine and dine if he thought they were worth the effort, but strangers? Ok, maybe he could call Adam an acquaintance rather than a stranger, but even so he wasn't even sure why he had brought a basket to this door. He was even less sure why he had gathered the basket up from where he'd dropped it, taken the alpha's hand and allowed himself to be pulled into the apartment.

It stank. A familiar musky smell that Nigel knew well enough from his own ruts.

"Nigel." Adam breathed his name as he stood in the middle of the room panting. "I… My suppressants, they didn't work. I've never… I don't know how… can you…"

Nigel felt a pain in his throat, a lump. He couldn't imagine being on suppressants, couldn't imagine how crazy it would feel for them to suddenly fail. Adam filled the silence when he didn't immediately respond.

“Dad said to make sure I take them, life is hard enough… I don’t cope well with… I don’t know what to do to make this stop.”

Nigel felt his face go red and he rubbed that back of his neck. Was he going to have to give this kid a sex-ed lesson? What did they teach in schools in this country?!

“Uh, Adam… you know about sex right?”

Despite his shaking, the sweat glistening on his too soft skin, Adam glared at him. “I know *what* to do Nigel.” He dropped the towel that had barely been giving him modesty. He was erect and leaking, his knot a little puffy and waiting to inflate. Adam winced as he took hold of his oversensitive cock. “I don’t have any toys, no mate… what do I do? Is there… do I call someone? Do I go to the hospital?” Adam looked like he was trying to work out a math problem in his head.

“No, don’t call a service!” Nigel answered emphatically. “If you get an omega sent over it will make it worse. It’ll last longer.” He eyed the man over. “I don’t think you want that gorgeous.”

The endearment had slipped out. For weeks he’d thought Adam was an omega, and he was bloody gorgeous! That hadn’t changed on finding he was an alpha. The thought struck him that he was actually still attracted to the guy even with this information. He’d never considered being with an alpha before, but now it was at the fore of his mind.

“No… no I don’t. I want this over with. What can I do?” His eyes were pleading and his cock was leaking down his hand. *What a fucking sight!*

Nigel shook his head and tried to sound nonchalant, tried to ignore the stirring of his own cock. “A good couple of fucks should do it. Get it out of your system. But you need a toy, or better yet a beta.”

“I don’t know any that would… I mean, I don’t have many friends, I can’t ask…” Adam looked so small and helpless, but there was something under that. Just as Nigel could see that his soft pale skin covered hard and tight muscles - there was a strength in him. Nigel felt his heart beat a little faster at the thought of how badly he wanted to touch that skin, even still.

“You could… you could try with an alpha.” The words were out of his mouth before he could stop them.

Adam’s eyes narrowed in confusion. “Are you… making fun of me?”

Nigel shook his head and stepped a pace forward. “Oh no, gorgeous never… I mean… I…” he huffed out a breath in place of words he couldn’t find in Romanian much less English.

“Do you… mean you?” Adam asked tentatively. Nigel found himself nodding, and also now completely hard.

“I’d like to help you darling. I… When I thought you were… before I knew you were an alpha I was very attracted to you. I still am. I want to help you. And then after, we can see

what happens. Maybe go on a date?"

A look of confusion crossed Adam's face. "But, you're also an alpha. That isn't really how it's meant to work…"

"Fuck how it's meant to work gorgeous! Who says? Fucking idiots who never had anyone love them the way someone should be loved." Nigel wasn't sure where the words were coming from but he found himself meaning them ardently. "The important thing, the right thing, is what we feel. What do you feel darling? When you look at me, see how I am hard for you and want you, do you feel the same?"

Adam nodded immediately. Not eager as much as factual. "I've never been with an alpha, but there's no biological reason that… I mean, we all have the same parts, it just means we'll need…" he reached over and plucked the bottle of lube from the basket Nigel still held in his arms. "This!" He said with a smile.

*

The thought of fucking Adam was pretty much all consuming as the little alpha lead him, lube in hand, to his bedroom. He wanted to kiss every inch of pale skin and push his fingers into the tightness of Adam's virgin hole. Wanted to make him cry out in pleasure - curious to how different he might or might not sound from an omega.

When they got to the bedroom he finally let himself consider the reality of the situation. If they dated, if this - whatever the hell this was - went somewhere, then he may well get chance to fuck Adam. But right now, Adam needed to do the fucking. Nigel wasn't entirely sure how he felt about it, his brain shorting out at the desire to help Adam, to be what Adam needed him to be and not think too deeply beyond that.

"How shall we…" Adam glanced at Nigel and dropped his hand. "How do you like to…"

Nigel grinned. "Darling, this is as new to me as it is to you right now."

"Oh!" Adam considered for a moment. "You're not a virgin though? You've been with omegas? I've been with a beta but we broke up. I wasn't alpha enough for her… should we do it like that… I mean, do you want to… like an omega? You could um, present?"

Nigel took in the information Adam had just laid out. He decided to ignore the talk of the idiot beta. "You're alpha enough for me gorgeous." He grinned and stepped to close the space between them. Adam retreated a little.

"I'm not good with… can we not touch yet? If we could decide how we're going to do this so I know and then we can..." he trailed off, clearly in a lot of discomfort. He was sweaty and flushed from the neck up, his knot was a little inflated now. It was in that moment of assessment that the thought really hit home - that Nigel's brain linked information together and he realised that very shortly that knot would be in his ass. Part of him was really not ok with that idea, and yet his cock twitched regardless. Maybe it would be ok, might even be enjoyable? He'd knotted many omegas and they'd loved his cock, maybe this would be the same?

He made a snap decision, he could get on all fours and present his ass like a good omega, or he could lie on his back and watch the beautiful alpha as he came apart. “I’ll lie on my back.” he told Adam, reaching out and gently taking the lube from him before throwing the tube on the bed and starting to strip.

Adam just stood by and watched. Nigel was unsure whether the alpha was even turned on, he was now cupping his dick securely but doing no more than that. The only giveaway was the desperate look in his eyes.

Once he was naked, Nigel lay back on the bed and grabbed the lube, squeezing ample amounts out first down his crack and then onto his fingers. He hesitated, sure everyone might have thought about finding their own prostate, but he’d never actually done it. He’d been with enough male omegas to know the anatomical differences with female, but all omegas at least had slick. He did not have slick. He took a breath and started circling his hole with the lube, eyes squeezed shut. It felt good… it felt nice.

“Anal stimulation can be pleasurable for any gender due the large amounts of nerve endings found there. There are-”

Nigel’s eyes snapped open to see Adam was stood at the end of the bed watching him intently with wide eyes and now stroking his cock. He appeared to have stopped talking in favour of biting his lower lip so hard Nigel thought it might bleed.

“You want to touch me Adam? You can, if you like.”

Adam nodded and was immediately on the bed next to him. Nigel had half been expecting the alpha to immediately try and fuck him, which would not have ended well considering he hadn’t yet even tried to press a finger into himself.

Instead, Adam crouched over him, ran hands into Nigel’s chest hair and then back up again and over his light stubble. Nigel smiled up at him in adoration of the look of strange wonder on the alpha’s face.

“You’re not as soft as Beth was.” Adam explained, running his hands back down. “You’re hard and strong, unbreakable… I like it very much.”

Nigel felt his chest swell at the compliment that was more than a compliment. An expression of interest and desire.

“Can I kiss you Nigel?” Adam asked in a very matter of fact way. Nigel was surprised how much this was all turning him on considering there was a slightly business-like quality to the whole affair.

Nigel grinned and nodded, opening to Adam as he pressed their lips together. It was gentle at first, an exploration as Adam slowly parted his lips and allowed Nigel to move their tongues together.

Nigel was still circling his hole when he reached up with his free hand to find one of Adam’s and guide it downwards. He seemed to hesitate for a moment before he allowed Nigel to

guide his fingers to him. Nigel broke the kiss to reach over and pour lube down onto Adam's fingers before dropping his head back and letting the alpha kiss him again. Nigel moaned into the kiss as Adam pressed in first one, and then two fingers. Nigel broke off with a groan, resisting the urge to press down on the fingers that kept pressing tantalising close to his prostate.

"You need to open me up for your gorgeous cock darling." He panted. Adam whimpered in reply but redoubled his efforts - scissoring Nigel open and adding another finger.

Nigel tried not to think about how good the burn and stretch felt, how eager he was to feel himself split even wider by the alpha.

Nigel wasn't sure if he was quite ready, mentally or physically, but a few minutes after the fourth finger was helping spread him Adam whimpered again - "Nigel, I'm so… I need…"

Nigel was already damn near lost to the pleasure of those fingers, Adam's words made his cock strain and he thought for a moment he might cum. "That's ok Adam, you do what you need to do."

Adam moved fast. No sooner had the removal of his fingers left Nigel feeling bereft than he felt the blunt cockhead pressed against him. He watched as Adam squeezed the lube out over his hand and jerked it along his cock. Nigel felt his chest crack a little. He wasn't even scared, not worried at all about how this might feel. All he knew was that he wanted that beautiful creature in any way. And right now that meant this way.

Adam pushed Nigel's legs farther apart and then up, his face going through a range of interesting expressions as he studied the effects of the movement on Nigel's body and their joining. Adam pushed in slowly, long and gentle thrusts as he attempted to seat himself in a tightness he hadn't experienced before. There was a strain on Adam's face that Nigel was sure he understood.

"You don't have to be gentle… you won't break me." Nigel huffed through the slow fucking. "Take what you need gorgeous." He let his head fall back as Adam nodded.

Then Adam's hands were on his hips and the alpha started fucking into him hard. Nigel winced with the burn as his whole body was jolted around on the bed. He'd wanted to watch Adam, but now he realised this position might not be the most conducive to give Adam what he needed.

"Wait darling, wait." Nigel stuttered out, and Adam stopped immediately.

"Did I hurt you?" He was starting to withdraw.

"No, I just…" Nigel waited until Adam had pulled out and then moved himself on the bed, turning onto his stomach and presenting his ass. "I think this will work better." It didn't feel wrong or in any way embarrassing to pose himself like an omega in heat, his whole brain focused on taking care of Adam's needs - and an omega in heat was exactly what his body was telling him he needed.

Nigel braced himself on his knees, head tucked to his folded arms as he felt Adam push back inside him, with less resistance, and it felt so fucking good. He groaned into it and arched his back. Adam responded by taking hold of his hips again and pounding into him. Nigel couldn't hold back the huffed moans and cries as Adam's hips pistoned and his cock grazed against Nigel's prostate.

"Nigel… I have to…"

"I know darling…"

He was surprised Adam had lasted this long already given the state he was in. The kid must have some awesome emotional detachment or physical control to have not knotted him already given how deep he was into his rut.

Reality set back in when he felt Adam's rapidly inflating knot - sticky with lube - pushing against him. Adam's thrusts became shallow but hard, forcing his knot into Nigel's tight hole. Nigel winced against the pain of the stretch, but pushed back nonetheless. He felt a sort of comforted relief when it was suddenly inside him. Adam cried out as it went in, and he felt the alpha shudder before he continued his shallow thrusts. Each movement drove the knot a little deeper until Adam was completely buried in his ass, by then each thrust was causing the knot to press against his prostate until Nigel was sure his body was going to turn to jelly.

Adam was panting when he draped himself over Nigel's back, pulling at his hair a little until Nigel arched his back even more. Adam was nuzzling his neck then, nipping at the area over his scent gland where his instincts were telling him to bite and bond with his omega. God help him, Nigel wanted his teeth to clamp down. The thought was gone as sparks of pleasure ripped through his body. He came untouched with Adam still rocking gently inside him. The insanely tight grip of his muscles around Adam had the alpha crying out with his own pleasure.

It was a beautiful sound. Like nothing Nigel had ever heard before and there was a swell in his chest knowing that he had caused that sound.

Nigel collapsed onto the bed with Adam tied to him, they shuffled a little until they were both on their side with Adam spooned against his back and them panting in unison. Nigel considered what it might be like to do this again. Adam would probably need at least another two good fucks to get rut over with. Maybe, after, they could go on a date. Maybe more would develop from there. He wanted to get to know Adam better, wanted to spend time with him. Maybe he'd return the favour when Nigel was in rut. But the truth was, with that knot stuck in his ass and pressing ever so slightly against his prostate, to the point that his cock was already starting to stir again, Nigel didn't think he'd mind one little bit if this was the arrangement.

"Thank you Nigel, I'm feeling a lot better. You're a very good neighbour."

"Don't thank me just yet gorgeous, the night is young and I'm not going anywhere."

Aiden/Nigel fluff and cuddles

Chapter Summary

> Prompt: I would love to read some Aiden/Nigel ABO fluff (you can decide the genders). Maybe first meeting or a domestic situation? (I love fics with cuddling) :)) I`LL TAKE EVERYTHING!

Chapter Notes

> Ok so, I'm trying to write more omega Mads characters, but I tend to get lead by the story, and that's what happened here - I had the idea for snuggles with the omega and I have an insatiably need to snuggle Aiden forever, so I had to go with omega Aiden XD

"Come on gorgeous." Nigel smiled at the bundle of blankets and duvet. "You'll feel better if we go get something to eat. Then you can have a nice bath and I'll wash your back-"

"Noooo." The word came as a long drawn out moan from the omega, and god help him, Nigel found it adorable. Aiden wasn't the easiest lover he'd ever had, but he sure was worth it.

It was actually the omega who had pursued him. They'd met in a cafe, Aiden had knocked into him and replaced the coffee he spilt - and appeared to have taken a liking to him. Nigel could admit the kid looked like he'd be a good fuck, but he had a lot of shit going on that day and he'd brushed off the pestering American brat. Several times they ran into each other at the cafe and Nigel would ignore him, irritant that he was, as he tried to get on with business. And Aiden would sit there grinning and sketching and then each time drop a sketch of Nigel onto the alpha's table as he left. He looked pretty fucking good in those sketches - the way Aiden saw him.

Nigel had no reason to deny the kid other than finding his interest annoying. For no good reason. Any erroneous reason he might have got into his head flew straight out of it the day the omega turned up at the cafe stinking of pre-heat. He looked at him with such lust and need that Nigel had no way to deny him then. The omega had dragged him back to his apartment before Nigel could finish ordering his coffee, and kept him there for days. Aiden pretty much took everything Nigel had and more. He'd never known an omega like it. He had barely done any of the work, just let himself be used and enjoyed by Aiden. It had damn near blown his mind. And Nigel was smitten then.

That had been several months and two heats ago. And now Aiden was about to go into heat again, and Nigel just wanted to take care of the little shit. But as usual he was as awkward as he could possibly be, and Nigel bizarrely found it endearing.
“You’ll be in heat soon, you need to keep your strength up.” Nigel crooned the words, trying to sound suggestive but only received a huff from under the covers. Nigel sighed and frowned. “What can I do for you darling? Let me take care of you.”

The bedding moved and Aiden peeped out, just eyes and a mess of curls. “I don’t want to go out… I want… Can you just hold me?”

Nigel had never seen the omega seem so vulnerable, he must really feel like shit. “Ok, you asked for it!” Nigel let himself fall forward onto the bed, crushing Aiden beneath him. He felt the omega sigh and then chuckle.

“You’re such a dick, Nigel!”

Nigel grinned and snuggled into the omega, taking in his scent. “I’m your dick, gorgeous.”

Aiden chuckled again and squirmed beneath the alpha until some of the blankets had shifted and Nigel was able to slip his arms around him. “Remember, our first heat together, what you asked me?”

“Why you kept chasing after me?” Nigel smiled curiously.

“Yeah.”

“I remember you told me it was because you could tell I would be able to give you everything you need.” Nigel laughed lightly. The omega had been riding him hard when he’d said it - he’d taken really, not that Nigel minded one bit.

He felt the omega sigh in contentment and nuzzle into him. “This is what I meant, Nigel. This is what I need. You’re everything I need. Forever.”

Nigel’s breath hitched and he tightened his grasp on the omega. He buried his face in Aiden’s neck and drew in the omega’s scent, nosing along the flesh there and placing a gentle kiss where he had been waiting to sink in his teeth. Soon, and forever. His heart skipped a beat.

Knot Today Satan

Chapter Summary

For SummertimeSlick fest day one - Werewolf AU.

I wrote this piece of nonsense at 1am almost entirely to use the phrase "Knot today satan". Will is an omega drag queen werewolf. What more do you want from me?

It wasn’t as if Will hadn’t been called “basic” a million times before. He knew his drag was cheap. He could barely afford what he had. He’d already lost count of the amount of times

he’d forgone a meal for some thrift-store couture. But being called basic by Michelle Visage was the low point. He had to turn it out. Do better!

He’d survived so far on his skills to create with what they gave him. He’d even won a challenge, but he had to step up his game. There was just one thing really holding him back.

Omega werewolves weren’t drag queens. The secret of what lay between his legs weighed on him. It all came to a head when having to drag as male and female halves brought it home to him and he broke down in tears on the runway as he won the challenge.

“Tell us what’s going on mama.” Ru had gently asked.

That had opened the flood gates. Will poured out his heart and his secret.

After they called cut on the runway one of the production crew gave him a tissue and a smile. Hannibal, Will was sure he’d heard him called. A stunning alpha wolf who’s sweet smile displayed just enough fang to make Will blush.

That had been the turning point. That reassurance that being an omega wasn’t less. Wasn’t wrong. Will held his head high, surrounded by his idols on the finale stage, crowned and tearful as Bianca declared fittingly - “Knot today Satan!”

Over the laughter and applause something caught Will’s eye from the side of the stage - Hannibal’s smile. His chest swelled as he considered everything he had won.

Wet

Chapter Summary

omega model Will is going into heat during a swimming pool photo shoot

Will was glad of the water. He was starting to burn up but he couldn't lose the money from this gig. He just had to make it through another hour, two tops, and he'd be done. Free to crawl into his room and succumb to his heat.

It was the scent that caught Will first. Virile. He looked up and the photographer followed his no doubt fixed and lustful gaze.

“This is a closed set pal!” Matt told the alpha as he stalked towards the pool.

“I pay a lot of money to use this hotel.” The alpha replied, downright pleasant. “I will wait.”

The alpha stripped off his shirt and sat at the other end of the pool, watching them intently. Watching Will as he posed and the camera clicked. Matt’s bravado didn’t stretch to actually doing anything about the obviously powerful alpha’s presence.

It felt like hours on end had passed when Matt finally said he had enough shots and started to pack up.

“Want a hand out?” Matt asked, throwing a near snarl in the alpha’s direction. Will was sure he heard a responding chuckle.

Will shook his head. “No, I’m gonna swim for a while, thanks.” He was just glad the water was masking the sweat and slick pouring off and out of him, thankful that the beta wouldn’t pick up on it.

The door to the hotel closed behind Matt and the alpha rose and stalked forward, stripping the rest of his clothes until he was naked. Will’s heart was thumping as the man, greying chest hair and beautiful body, dived gracefully in the water and surfaced in front of him, hands immediately on the waistband of the soaked jeans he was wearing.

“Hannibal… you came.” Will let out a sigh as the alpha pulled him forward until their groins met.

“I set off as soon as you messaged me.” The alpha growled and started to undo Will’s jeans.

“Here?” Will asked, unable to hold back the desperate tone as his boyfriend of three months maneuvered him to the edge of the pool.

“I left a tip large enough to ensure this ‘set’ remains closed for the rest of the day.” Will whimpered as Hannibal’s hand found his hard cock, and the alpha kissed him then. Will let out a little chuckle and sunk into the kiss - their first heat together was definitely going to be a memorable one.

Sand

Chapter Summary

Model AU continued for the prompt "Sex on the Beach"

Italy was beautiful. Will couldn’t believe he’d landed this shoot, but then his star was on the rise it would seem.

Even better, his boyfriend had professed to being very fond of Italy and had come along too. In fact Hannibal had booked them a swanky beach house for two weeks so they could enjoy

themselves once the three day shoot was over.

“Ok we’re done.” Bev grinned, lowering her camera. “Get out of here Graham, I’m fed up of that damn wistful look. Go aim it at someone who will appreciate it.”

Will returned the smile. He had worked with Bev a few times and she knew all about Hannibal - and of course teased Will mercilessly about his sugar daddy. Not that that was how Will saw him, but he knew how it looked to other people. Hannibal was rich and successful - a goddamn Count! And Will… well when they had met he’d been mostly working catalogues and the occasional runway gig. They’d met at a bar and in truth neither had the first clue about the other until their first proper date, when they talked more about their lives.

And Will had almost backed out then. This alpha was so far out of his league it was insane. But he hadn't. He couldn’t. Hannibal had quickly become everything to him and the feeling was mutual. Hannibal spent money on him because he liked to, but his true value was clear in the way the alpha was with him. The way he looked at him, the way he spoke to him, the way he made love to him.

Will dropped his bag in the house and went out onto the back deck, following the scent of the alpha and finding him sitting on their section of beach. His broad back alluring and kissable, so Will didn’t even attempt to resist, pressing his lips to the alpha’s shoulder and dropping down next to him.

“We’ve wrapped, I’m all yours for the rest of the trip.”

“Good.” Hannibal’s voice was a low rumble as he moved quickly to cover Will with his own body and press him back into the sand. He buried his nose in the crook of Will’s neck, taking in the scent there as he maneuvered himself between Will’s legs.

Will moaned as he felt Hannibal’s arousal against him. “Thank god this is a private beach, because I really want you right here, right now and I don’t even care about the sand.” Will let out a light laugh.

Hannibal growled and took his mouth as he pulled his swim shorts down to his thighs before working open Will’s purple shorts. The alpha pulled back from the kiss and removed Will’s shorts in one swift motion before settling back between his legs as slick started to flow.

Will groaned as Hannibal entered him. No matter what anyone thought, or how they were perceived, they fit together perfectly, and no more so than when Hannibal’s knot swelled and joined them together.

Teacup

Chapter Summary

Model Will x Sugar Daddy Hannibal concluded

“You smell like her.” Hannibal’s nose twitched at him and Will felt his stomach drop.

Will let out a heavy sigh. At first Hannibal’s jealousy had been nice - sweet and sort of enjoyable - it had made him feel wanted. But the longer this shoot with Molly went on the worse it got. Will had worked with a lot of alphas before, but this was the longest time - they

were doing a campaign together and would be working closely for months to come. She was nice, but there was nothing between them and Hannibal knew that. Even so-

“I don’t like it.” Hannibal said coolly.

“It’s my job Hannibal. I’m... I… I love you. I’m in love with you and that isn’t going to change no matter how many alphas I have to pose with. Why don’t you get that?” It wasn’t the first time he’d had to tell the alpha this.

Hannibal’s jaw clenched. He ignored Will and continued - “I don’t want you to work with her again. Cancel the contract, I will pay the money you lose. You need not even work at all, you know that.”

“Are you fucking serious?” Will was trembling and shocked at Hannibal’s words. This was a line he didn’t think they would cross. “I won’t be your fucking kept boy Hannibal, you fucking know that. If that’s what you want, you…” Will shook his head. “I think I should go back to my place for a bit. Before one of us says something we’ll really regret.”

“No, Will.” Hannibal’s tone was commanding and for a moment Will was frozen to the spot by his omega instincts. Anger boiled up in him even as he saw the concerned look on Hannibal’s face - the alpha had clearly not intended that response.

“Fuck you Hannibal.” Will snarled regardless and walked out the door, slamming it behind him and hearing crockery smash as he headed into the storm outside.

The storm was raging by the time Will got to his little apartment on the other side of town. The rain was coming down sideways and thunder rumbled out over the beach. He was just towelling off his hair when there was a banging at the door.

He scented Hannibal immediately and was unsure whether to answer it, before finally deciding he couldn’t leave the alpha on the doorstep in this weather.

He was soaked through, but Will was sure some of the dampness on his face was tears.

“I’m sorry Will. You’re completely right of course. I shouldn’t have-” he shrugged. “I get… I don’t want to lose you.”

“Then stop being so…” *possessive* realisation struck Will hard. It was suddenly clear to him. Will grabbed Hannibal’s sodden shirt and pulled him into the apartment, using him to bodily close the door.

“Will?”

“Bite me.” Will growled. He’d never wanted anything more, but he had convinced himself that someone like Hannibal couldn’t possibly want to bond with him. The reality was suddenly clear. Hannibal’s jealousy was because he needed this too. He needed to possess Will in the way only an alpha could.

He nuzzled into Hannibal’s neck, over his scent gland before repeating in a low plea - “bite me.”

Hannibal practically roared as he moved them both to the floor. They were both a flurry of limbs and fabric as they divested just enough clothing for Hannibal to push him to his front and enter him. The alpha buried himself to the hilt, knot and all as it began to swell. He pushed his face to Will's neck, scenting him and then licking a wide swath before clamping his teeth into Will's neck.

Newly bonded, sated and tired. They remained on the floor for sometime, holding each other and stroking hands gently over smooth skin.

"Will you stop being jealous now?" Will asked with a smile that spoke of being fulfilled and blissful.

Hannibal's mouth tweaked into a slight grin. "Perhaps. I shall endure Molly Foster. That motorcycle in your last shoot though… I'm not fond of things other than myself so neatly fitted between your legs."

It sounded like a joke and Will laughed, but equally he considered the very serious possibility that Hannibal was jealous of a motorcycle.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!